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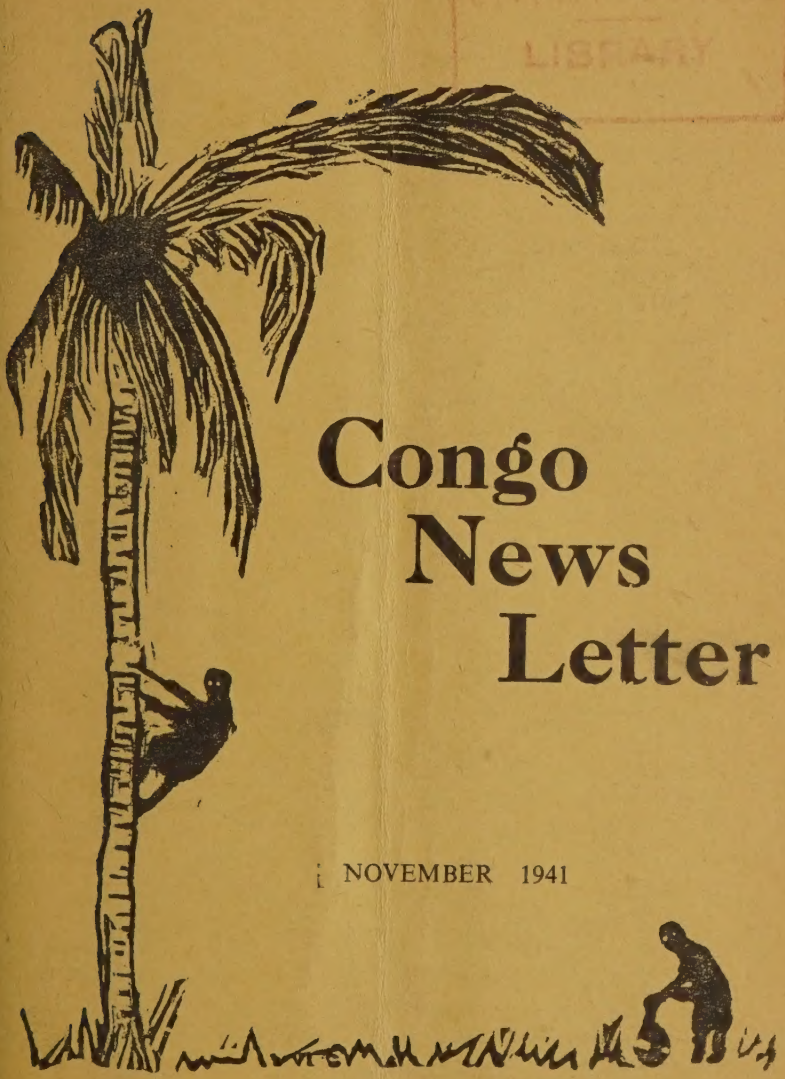

Congo News Letter

NOVEMBER 1941

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Published Quarterly by the
Missionaries of the A. B. F. M. S.

Published at Sims House Press, Léopoldville.
Subscription price 25 cents per year.
Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.,
152 Madison Avenue, New York.
Subscription price in Congo 9 francs.
Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L.,
A.B.F.M.S., Léopoldville II
Congo Belge.

Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXXII NOVEMBER 1941 No. 4

HOME, AND BACK AGAIN
AN ODESSEY OF EXTREMES.

Our trip home made a record for speed, only twenty days from our port of departure, San Antonio do Zaire, thanks to the Atlantic Clipper which made the trans-atlantic trip in twenty-five and one half hours flying time. On our return trip on the S.S. West Humhaw we broke another record (at least for ourselves), spending sixty-three days at sea and in eight West African ports.

Katherine and I left Sona Bata on May sixth of last year and took a small boat from Matadi to a little town, Sazaire, for short, on the south bank at the mouth of the mighty Congo. There we spent two rather uncomfortable nights at a hotel (?) annex (?) waiting for the S.S. Nyassa, a Portuguese steamer bound for Lisbon with stops at San Thomé, an island near Lagos, Nigeria, Funchala and Madeira.

News of the invasion of Belgium came like a bolt from the blue on the following morning. Our fellow passengers included a Belgian whose young daughter was living five miles from the Luxembourg border. The anxiety of this man and his wife during the days which followed was tragic in the extreme. The radio news in the bulletin was far too condensed, just a paragraph or two each day in Portuguese, but these friendly Belgians read much between the lines. We and they were the only passengers from the Belgian Congo so we spent many hours together, playing chinese checkers to pass the time away or talking optimistically about the situation which the catastrophic news all too clearly contradicted. Some sympa-

thetic Portuguese passengers who spoke English helped us generously in translating words which, with our knowledge of Latin and French only, were unintelligible.

We had a few minor worries of our own. Our mission treasurer had been unable to secure American Express checks. We left with only five dollars of negotiable currency, stray dollar bills that had come into our hands during the previous four years. The twelve hundred dollars in the form of two drafts on the Banque Belge de l'Etranger of New York were not honored in Madeira, nor later in Lisbon. The thousand Belgian Congo francs were also spurned, and rightly so, by the radio operator when we wanted to send a wireless message to Cook's in Lisbon "to reserve a cabin on any neutral vessel sailing after May 26th". But this same operator, a generous and trusting soul, sent the radiogram and another later with reply prepaid in return for a promise to pay him at his home address in Lisbon.

We received a reply to our radio message when we arrived at Madeira, more than a week later; "Reservation on the Italian liner S.S. Augustus, sailing June 4th". With the release that this word from Cook's brought us we were in a proper mood to see the sights of Madeira on our five dollars, especially in view of the fact that a local bank unwilling to advance us money on our bank drafts, assured us that a certain bank in Lisbon, representative of the Belgian bank in New York, would, in all likelihood, accept our drafts. Due to the unusually favorable rate of exchange for the dollar, the low tourist trade due to war and the low standard of living in Funchal, Madeira as well, we not only saw the town but splurged the remaining dollar and a half in the purchase of several small pieces of embroidery and lace.

At Lisbon, Cook's had a man on the pier to meet us. He assured us that all was in order for our sailing and that we could get our tickets at the office anytime after ten o'clock-offices open late in Lisbon-the following morning. This same representative of the firm whose name is a by-word to travelers, paid our incidental customs

charges, porters, taxi fare and loaned us a small sum for incidental expenses on our faces and on the reservations not yet paid for which we had made by radiogram. He also got us a place in one of the best hotels (two dollars a day for room and board). That evening Florence Nelson & her friend, Miss Lundeen, who had left Congo about the same time as we did, but by a different boat, came to call. They were also planning, following the advice of the American consul, to sail on the Augustus. We retired rather early with easy minds.

I went to Cook's shortly after opening hours on the following morning, Saturday, the twenty-fifth of May. Instead of a cheerful greeting the man at the desk promptly informed me that no tickets on the Augustus were being sold, that all Italian sailings were postponed for two weeks. Knowing Italy's threats to enter the war even before we left Africa, this postponement meant cancellation for me. I immediately made for the Pan-American Airways office where I was infomed that they were booked until the middle of June and suggested that we would get to U.S.A. sooner on the s.s. Augustus. He opened his eyes a bit wider when I told him that the sailing had been postponed. I told him to make a reservation and offered to make a down payment. (It was not until later in the morning that I was told that I could not get money on the drafts without sending them to New York.) When I gave him my name, he replied; "So you're Dr. Freas from the Congo. Keep in touch with us and we may be able to get you an earlier passage". Then I went to other boat agencies and American Consul to find other possible sailings. An American Export freighter, sailing June 16th had one bunk for a man in one cabin and one for a woman in another cabin. They said they would hold these reservations for me until Monday if I made a down payment. I left one of my drafts with them.

As soon as the Clipper office was opened on Monday Katherine and I were on hand. To make things more definite, in view of the fact that we did not know whether or not our drafts were good, I offered my $1000 draft

as a down payment for a definite reservation and asked them if they would forward it to New York for verification as to its worth. A few seconds later the head of the office came out to the desk with the cheerful message, "You are flying across tomorrow." Your fare is guaranteed in New York by the Mission." It almost took our breath away. Arriving in Lisbon without money and without reserv ations; off again in three and one half days and in New York a day later. Sounds rather impossible but it was relatively simple. Having received letters from our mothers guaranteeing the difference in fare between tourist on a boat and the clipper, Mr. Detrude had phoned the Pan American offices in New York that we might like to fly across if we had trouble getting a boat. The New York office had cabled the Lisbon office, and that was that. We took off at 9.30 A.M. Lisbon time, Greenich summer time, on May 28th and we touched the water at La Guardia airport at 8.57 A.M. daylight saving time May 29th. Pages might be written about the Atlantic Clipper, its crew, passengers and the flight itself but space forbids.

A year and a month passed at our two homes and with friends, with speaking itinerations, driving a car over twenty thousand miles, writing a hundred page dissertation for a degree at Yale, with an ordination service ten days before sailing on July second.

We had tried to get reservations on an American-West African boat months before sailing time but Mr. DeTrude said he thot it was useless to try so obtained a booking for July lst on a freighter bound for Cape Town. On our own we tried to arrange for a sailing direct to Matadi with the understanding that we could cancel the South African booking at any time within three weeks of the sailing date. Early in June we heard with joy that we could get reservations on the S.S.Humhaw but with no further information as to the ports of call or the time of our likely arrival at Matadi. Freight boats have no schedules. Had we known in advance how long it would take, (freight boats have made the trip in 42 days or less) we would have tried to get a booking two weeks

earlier or have gone by Cape Town which would have gotten us back to our work sooner.

The sixty-three days seemed interminably long before we arrived at the mouth of the Congo. We reached Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa's Hongkong (vide TIME) on July 17th. No shore leave because of military restrictions. Then Monrovia and Marshall and Cape Palmas in Liberia, Takoradi and Accra on the Gold Coast, Lagos and Port Harcourt in Nigeria and finally Douala in Free French Cameroons.

Much might be written of the places where we were allowed to go ashore but the thing that stands out in our minds is the distance that their brothers in Nigeria are ahead of Congo natives. —Doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers — all trained abroad, receiving salaries higher than many missionaries in the Congo and occupying positions of leadership undreamed of by the humble Congolese. There are churches and denominations directed from top to bottom by Africans. Two daily newspapers in Lagos are run and printed by Africans with not a single white man on the staff. An African bank in Lagos pays better interest than the ones directed by white men. Such things are in Congo's future too.

But the happiest time of all lay ahead, our welcome back to our home in Africa, to our hundreds of friends white and black. When we reached Takoradi on the Gold coast early in August, Mr. Grisset, a Presbyterian missionary in the Cameroons; informed us that when the S.S. West Otho docked at Matadi, people were already asking for us thinking that we might be on board. Mr. Grisset had gotten on the boat at Douala, sailed to Matadi and then to Takoradi on his way home. By the time we did arrive, people had gotten tired of trying to see us so there were not as many at Matadi as there had been when previous boats had docked. Our welcome at Sona Bata was almost overwhelming. It seemed we were being mobbed as the students and staff and missionaries made a dash for us as we got off the train.

Three weeks have passed by and we are still being

greeted, Many never expected to see us again in view of rumors they had had that we were dead and in view of the fact that a former missionary, Dana Albaugh, was almost lost on the Zamzam just a few months ago. To go home was good, to be back again is better.

HOWARD M. FREAS

I WOULD FOLLOW JESUS

«Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
Follow, ! Follow ! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, everywhere ————"

Yes, we can sing it. We know the tune and most of the words. We know it's a beautiful motto, a fine challenge to present in a speech. We *hope* we are striving to *live it through.* We teach it to the natives. We *try* to warn them that the following will not be easy. "Anywhere —— everywhere" will lead some of them away from their folks, through trials, into sorrow, but eventually into life everlasting. Some of us know what it cost us, but ———— *do we realize just how much it does cost some of our African Christians?*

This song rang in my ears three Sundays ago. I had just seen an illustration of it. We were so disappointed on arriving at Luzadi, our leper camp, to hear that - unknown to us - a baptismal service had taken place. We would so much have wanted to see it! When we inquired "Who was baptized ?" they anwered "Mama Tumpwa and Betti."

"But how did Mama Tumpwa get to the stream"

You must know that Luzadi is on a high ridge. Down from it in all directions but one, are steep clay and gravel banks. The stream, of course is at the bottom of one of the valleys. The way is difficult even for a normal person, *And Mama Tumpwa has no feet!* She is one

of the lepers. Her toes have dropped off, her feet are going and she has not walked for years. She begs for discarded automobile tires from the Mission, straps parts of them over her knees and the palms of her hands, then crawls like a baby. But she never misses our services. On Sunday afternoon she dons a clean night-gown (a White Cross gift), a clean kerchief on her head and comes crawling along. Her face — already distorted by the dread disease — breaks into a smile as we greet her by name and she always answers that she is "Mavimpi fioti" — a little bit well.

"Oh", they answered us, "we offered to fix up a hammock and carry her to the water but she said she must go by herself. We told her it would be difficult, — the stones would hurt her hands and knees — she might fall — but still she refused our help."

She wanted to follow in the footsteps of the Saviour — into baptism — and she didn't want to be carried! She *had* to go by herself.

"Down in the valley —
Where the flowers are blooming —
And the sweet waters flow — "

Yes,-down in the valley. But there were no flowers, - only mud and gravel and steep slopes. "Sweet waters ?" Oh, the baptismal *place* was probably only a muddy pool but *that* didn't signify. She was being buried with her Saviour, to rise again to a new life in His love. She had found the Great Physician and wanted to take--by herself-- the step which would mark her as one of His followers. "Sweet waters" truly! What matter if, wet and muddy, she must crawl *on hands and knees*, back up a long, rough hill, under a Congo noon-day sun!

"I would follow Jesus." You may say this was merely a practical example— not an agonizing spiritual experience. But think! If *you* were in a leper camp—condemned there for life, probably; hands and feet gone, eyesight going and sores developing. If you had had to leave your people, your village, your gardens, to go and live with a group

of others as afflicted as yourself: if you had white visitors come to teach you a new religion about a God *Who, when on earth cleansed lepers*: if you heard prayers again and again by your companions pleading that God make them clean again: could you easily understand His love and compassion and grasp the significance of the Great Physician *cleansing hearts?*

Then what would it cost you, to follow, through a leper camp

"Up to where they gather on the hills of God"

RUTH ERICKSON

ITINERATING AT TONDO

Another year of itineration has come and gone and it might be of interest to tell some of our activities during that time. As well as the usual medical work-with it's combined effort of evangelization-two of the church districts were allotted to us in order to relieve the pressure on the very depleted staff who normally do that work.

The first trip was a varied one, for we travelled by cycle, canoe and on foot. My eighteen carriers went the first part of the journey by canoe while I took a short cut by cycle and then across the Lake at a narrow part only to continue by cycle for over two and a half hours over very rough paths. In one part it was like pushing through virgin forest the tracks were so overgrown. The scorching sun did not improve matters. At length our objective was reached aud as usual we examined the whole village for sleeping sickness and other maladies. There was other work to do as well. The native pastor had called into this centre all the teachers in his area together with some enquirers ready for baptism. Bwango was pessimistic since he told me on arrival that palm wine drinking was playing havoc with our protestant witness. People would not appear at chapel services aud. were seeking satisfaction in earthly pleasures. However five enquirers were examined and passed for baptism. Two were

school boys, another was the second wife of a heathen husband to apply for baptism, while another was the first of two wives to apply. Only the school boys were able to read. The others had learned the Scriptures from their teacher and Christian friends. I asked one of these women, "If your husband is ill and he asks you to dance for him, what will you do?" "I won't dance", she replied speedily. "But will you not obey your husband?" I replied. "No, I will obey God. I am a Christian and will not dance even for my husband", came the even speedier reply. The next morning after the service we walked through the forest to the baptismal waters for half a mile. The path was muddy and lay through a swamp. Poles had been laid down by the Christians to facilitate walking. Then we came to the pool, a dirty and foul — smelling place but it was the only available one in this inland village. Trees surrounded us on all sides and the sun seldom pierced through to warm up the waters. As we stepped down myriads of little fish were swarming around our legs. We sang a hymn. One led in prayer and then it was once more my privilege and joy to baptize those five more Congolese Christians. Later in the day we met around the Lord's Table and received these friends into fellowship and church membership.

On leaving this village our route lay across wide plains and through some bad swamps. At each village the population was examined for disease. Here we saw the village school at work. Women with babies in arms joined the young intellectuals in learning A B C. There the natives brought a goat and many curios. There-after we followed in the footsteps of the mighty, namely elephants and buffalo. Three of the latter passed within 100 yards of us and we did not see them. The carriers informed us later. A few hours earlier, elephants had made a hotch-potch of a swamp and traveling was not without it's difficulties. We had to push our cycles, to say the least of it. Again broken bridges necessitated travel by canoe across another swamp. Finally the last village was reached, the natives gave us a warm welcome and eagerly listened

to the new preacher. Hospital and other work awaited us upon our return to Tondo.

Later we were able to go on another trip, this time by car to another of our outposts. As we left the garage rain began to fall and my cook mused, "It always rains when Nganga (doctor) itinerates. Isn't his name Nganga Mambula?" (This was the name given me on arrival at Tondo, since rain had just fallen.) As we pulled into the village the native pastor came to greet me. There were eight enquirers he said, and those in three other posts were not yet ready for baptism. The attendance at some schools was not too good and chapels were in need of repair — this is a difficult section of the work but it's difficulty is a challenge for us to overcome by prayer and perseverance. Four of the candidates gave adequate reasons for their faith. Sunday came and once more we worshipped in the mud chapel giving a short message. Later the candidates were immersed in the swamp a mile away. So we go on in the Master's service — glad to be able to help in the healing of souls as well as of bodies.

ALFRED J.B. RUSSELL

STATION NEWS

KIMPESE NEWS

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new and God fulfils himself in many ways."

Since our last News Letter went out we have said "bon voyage" and "good-bye" to Doctor Mabie, who is retiring after forty years of service. It is impossible to put into words how much we all miss her.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds of the. B.M.S. have gone on furlough, and Mr. and Mrs. Morrish are ready to go whenever an auspicious occasion arises. They probably will not leave until spring however.

Doctor and Mrs. Brebner-Smith, new missionaries of the B.M.S. have been appointed to Kimpese to teach and to do the medical work. They are both doing most effective work, and we hope their appointment may be for many years.

We are eagerly waiting to extend a welcoming hand to Mr. and Mrs. Austin, also of the B.M.S. at Thysville, who will come to us as soon as Mr. Casebow arrives to relieve them. Mr.Austin has been coming down to help out Mondays to Fridays for a month now.

Mr. Oscar Stenstrom has been in bed for month with a severe attack of sciatica and has suffered a great deal. We trust he has been through the worst now and will enjoy a normal and happy convalescence. His class-room work is being carried on by Mr. Berg of the Swedish Mission at Brazzaville, who has been with us since three weeks.

Meanwhile the rest of us carry on, unfortunately past the stage of agressiveness. Furlough is due for the whole staff, excepting Dr. and Mrs. Brebner-Smith, and two years overdue for some of us, beginning next June. Travel conditions will undoubtedly keep some of the staff here, and arrangements will somehow have to be made to replace those who leave. There will be headaches at committee in Leopoldville next June.

Kimpese has been busy and quiet except for the activities of a professional thief. According to the natives a thief is not a person, he is a *thief*, which includes nearly anything down to horns and hoofs and a trident. His activities on the station have been spread over nearly a year now, but recently he has been coming every night. He even fought with a guest for the possession of a suit-case; the guest won. A reward of 200 francs has been offered for his apprehension, to encourage anyone who sees him to do more than shudder and run the other way.

But the world is not full of thieves. We really have an excellent lot of workmen here, and the student body is the best ever. Because of the serious drought last year we planted extra acres of manioc, and now have plenty of food for the whole community. It has begun to rain oc-

casionally these days (December 1st) and we expect more to come. We can even run the water-wheel a short while every day. With the Diesel plant to supplement water power, the students have ample light to study every evening, and they make good use of their opportunity.

For the A.B.F.M.S. the future here is perplexing. Our Mission has been a consistent supporter of union enterprises, but has let Kimpese down rather badly. We have for some years now had less than our share of the faculty but now we have not half, actually less than half our share. To those of us who believe that a trained ministry is essential to the liberty of the churches, this is infinitely sad. Must we let it go at that?

U.A. LANOUE

SONA BATA NEWS

Several of our Sona Bata churches are experiencing a revival of interest. Members out of fellowship are returning and there is an increase in giving. Mr. MacDiarmid reports 411 baptisms from June to September. At the Sona Bata Station, 91 are at present enrolled in the Enquirers' Class.

We are very happy to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Freas back to Sona Bata. They had an interesting voyage from the United States to Congo, being permitted to visit several places along the western coast of Africa.

Mrs. Robbins and Priscilla of Vanga have returned to their station. We miss Priscilla's cheerful "Hello!" but we are thankful that Priscilla is so much better that she could go home. We hope and pray for her complete recovery.

There was rejoicing, a few weeks ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and Charlotte Anne paid a visit to Sona Bata. We were all very glad to meet Charlotte Anne and to welcome her father and mother back to Congo.

Great changes are taking place at the Leper Camp. The new school for the lepers is a very attractive brick

building. There are also new brick houses for the lepers to replace the old mud huts. For the clean children Dr. Tuttle is completing several buildings — dormitories and dining-halls for the boys and girls. The lepers show much interest in the services held in their village and give liberal offerings to the Lord's work.

VENDLA ANDERSON

BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

The Banza Manteke staff is too busy. Time does not permit writing long news articles, even if there were much to relate. But, perhaps, if one were to ask the natives on the station, they would say many things happened in the last few months.

First of all, there was the excitement of Mama Bonar and Tata and Mama Geil packing up to go on furlough, and leaving instructions for the natives how to carry on until Tata Engwall and the new mindele, Tata and Mama Metzger, could arrive. Hardly had they become accustomed to the idea of a change of "mfumu" (chief) when along comes the news that Tata Engwall is *not* coming; instead-only Tata and Mama Erickson.

They said "Good-bye" sadly to the Geils, thinking that perhaps they would never see them again. Then, for two weeks, all the white folks' houses stood empty. Just as the excitement of watching the Ericksons' unpack commenced, they were startled to hear that Mama Youngsman was seriously ill at Matadi. She had suffered a concussion of the brain when a beam in the old house at Palabala fell on her head. Doctor Tuttle and Miss Tice had rushed to her aid in answer to a telegram. After seeing her as comfortably settled as circumstances permitted, Dr. Tuttle returned, leaving her in the care of Miss Tice. But an alarming change for the worse took place. Miss Tice managed to secure the aid of Dr. Brunell at Matadi and of Reverend Ohrneman of the S.M.F. They drove as near to Palabala as they could, — secured carriers to have the patient carried to the auto

— and transported her to the hospital at Matadi. They all feared she might not survive the night. For three weeks she remained in the hospital, at times seemingly convalescing, then again seeming to suffer a relapse. After her return to Banza Manteke and a week's rest, she resumed her duties, much to the joy of the natives, who — as well as the Congo missionaries — had petitioned for her recovery in numerous prayers.

Then came the disappointing news that the Metzgers would not be able to come. Three white folks would have to "hold the fort" at Banza Manteke for the next year (and two of the three were not in robust health!)

But good news must come occasionally. So, one day, came the welcome message that Dr. and Mrs. Freas would stop off the next day. They had arrived at Matadi the day before. Their brief visit was much enjoyed.

A month later another welcome visitor arrived. Mr. Watkins, who also had just arrived in Congo, came to take over the Mission Treasurer's job, so freeing Mr. Erickson for the B.M. work.

School had already started. There are now 186 boys and 34 girls in attendance at the Boarding School. The day school enrolls only 24 children.

Visitors are few. When Dr. Freas arrives for his monthly visit, natives come in from all directions. Sometimes white folks come in from Kitomesa and Kinkanga, too. But sometimes they don't *come in!* Then Dr. Freas answers a hurry call at midnight and drives over wet, rainy, muddy roads to help a black-water fever patient some 20 kilometers away. The other night we had unexpected guests when Messieurs Stenstrom, Lanoue and Brebner-Smith, of Kimpese, drove in with a patient for an emergency operation. And so it goes. The medical work, perhaps, is more spectacular, but the educational and evangelistic workers plod along, too, hoping for better times when a larger and stronger staff can work up more inspiration and help the work progress.

And who knows how and when that hope may be realized. Over a week ago, we were surprised to hear an aeropla-

ne approaching. Since the discontinuance of European airmail, planes are a rare sight. So we rushed out. We saw a plane — a large one — approaching. It came directly over our station, flying quite low. We were thrilled at being able to see it so clearly. But suddenly we became quite excited. We recognized the U.S. insignia! We had heard rumors of a new direct mail and passenger air route from Miami to Léopoldville. But we never dreamed we would see one of the planes! Now it has become a reality. A passenger can alight in Leopoldville four days after he has taken off from Miami. Compare that with the journeys undertaken by the early missionaries who came to Congo! Yes, we have taken immense strides forward in some respects. Spectacular changes have taken place.

But Congo is still Congo. There are still many souls walking in darkness. Witch doctors still jealously guard their rights in some districts. Superstition still sways powerfully the lives of many. There are still many opportunities for those who would heed the Master's command "Go ye forth into all the world."

HENRY ERICKSON

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

Dear Friends in Christ,

We don't know you face to face, but we feel that in spite of that we are not strangers to each other, being one with you in Christ and taking part in His and your work on behalf of our black sisters and brothers here in Leopoldville.

It is just one year today since we came down river in order to take over the work from Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who are now on furlough. We rejoiced to get acquainted with the splendid work they did here. Having been in the bush before we are grateful for this new experience of working in an urban center. We are grateful to say that the Lord has helped us along all the way and that we are happy in His work.

At our Matondo (Thanksgiving) twelve were baptised in a little stream near the native village. The day started with a prayer meeting at 6:30 in the morning which was followed by the baptismal service. A big number of church members was present, standing on the little hill by the stream, and the solemnity of the hour was manifest when three women and nine men confessed openly by baptism their faith in Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, being dead with Christ in order to live a new life in Christ.

At 8:30 our usual Sunday moning service started. The church was crowded, having the two congregations Bakongos and Bangalas united in one. Before the Communion the baptized ones were received into the fellowship of the church and a few children were dedicated to the Lord.

As this was the close of the school year we had the feast of Thanksgiving combined with the giving out of the diplomas for the scholars of the top class who had passed the exams after five years earnest study.

Outside on the lawn seats were arranged, but there was such a crowd that many had to sit on the grass. It was inspiring to see so many natives listening to the messages given. We had also some white visitors.

Mr. Carpenter gave a hearty welcome to all. Mr. Thompson, the interim secretary of the C.P.C., handed out the diplomas; my husband gave a message, on Judges 8:20 "For as the man is, so is his strength," especially addressed to the graduates and the scholars who left the school, giving them also some exhortations for the new life to start and keep true to Jesus.

The graduates sang "Oh God, our help in ages past our hope for years to come", and they gave a little presentation on Thanksgiving, bringing their gifts to the table of the Lord such as fruits and products of the fields and gardens, chickens, hand woven native cloth, raffia work, money, and hand made chairs, Each one expressed his gratitude for the Lord's goodness towards them as they put down their gifts. A message in Lingala was given by our native pastor on God's great gift — His only Son. In response to

God's manifold blessings during the past year, everybody gave with joy a special gift unto the Lord.

The junior and senior school choirs also sang several lovely hymns and brought much joy and satisfaction to the listeners. I believe everybody went home with a blessing and we trust that where the divine seed has not yet started to grow in due time it will awaken to life and bring forth fruit for eternity.

School reopened the end of September. The schoolrooms are too small. In all the classes we have to squeeze the pupils into their seats. We now have 320 scholars. School becomes a problem because of lack of class rooms, and always we could take more in if space permitted.

In October we had the joy of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Watkins with their darling little Charlotte Anne arrive here at Leopoldville after having had a pleasant and safe journey to Africa.

Friends will you pray for all the mission and school work at Leopoldville and for its workers.

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. S. BAIOTTI

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear Friends:

I have so many things to be thankful for this Christmas that I want to write and tell you about them. I will have to give you just a little of my history so that you will realize why I am so truly happy.

I was born about three years ago in the village of Mbongo Lukudi. My mama died when I was born. Because my relatives feared the witches who had caused her death and that of my little twin brother, they refused to take care of me. My daddy did the best he could. He

kept me alive by feeding me plantains and bananas, that was all he could find in the village that a little baby could eat. After a while I got very thin and anemic. My skin which should ordinarily be black became a reddish yellow. I cried most of the time and finally my daddy decided to take me to the mission station at Kikongo. He didn't seem to fear the witches that were eating my body, suppose beeause he was my daddy. When the white Mama saw me she fixed me a bottle of milk. The other people thought that it was funny for her to give me milk, they thought that I should have luku (native bread) and meat because I was already more than six months old. I showed that I was grateful by sleeping all night without crying even once. Little by little they increased my food, adding on fruit juices, porridge made from manioc, plantain, corn, or rice flour. I like oatmeal too. I always eat everything they put on my plate.

After a while my daddy had to go to his village so he left me with the white Mama. She didn't leave me at the hospital, but took me to her own home. At night I slept in my own little basket at the schoolgirls' dormitory. That seemed a strange custom to all the other people because little babies in Africa do not sleep alone in their own little beds as they do in your country. However I thrived on it and now the others marvel that I have gotten to be such a nice big boy. I am quite a normal little boy now: the people say that I have become a person. Don't know what they think I was before. I enjoy my food, can just eat and eat. Whenever Mama goes to the cupboard or someone is preparing food, I quickly brush my hands hoping that I will get a cracker or something good. You ought to see me lick the pudding pan! My little tummy is usually like a little foot-ball. That is the time I am the happiest. I never forget to clap my hands when I get something to eat, that is the way we say thank-you. I think the other children are jealous of me because sometimes they watch me eat and I hear them say, "Look at his dish and spoon, and truly, he has a cup. He eats just like the white people!"

They think it is strange that I have so many clothes that I can even have a shirt when I go to bed at night. They don't realize that all these things come from you, our friends in America. My Mama is glad that you send all these things, she doesn't know what she would do at the hospital without all the White Cross things. She has so many bad cases that need dressings. The little babies in the clinics are so happy when they receive shirts and blankets. She has just given blankets to all the babies in the clinics, more than eight hundred received blankets. I am glad they did because now they will be just as nice and warm as I am when I sleep. I like to play. Sometimes I get into mischief and almost always get terribly dirty, I even get scabies on my fingers and head. Jiggers sometimes get into my toes. I hope I won't get too many because it hurts when the girls have to take them out with a needle. I don't like to have medicine put on my toes either; that makes me cry.

This dry season I contracted whooping cough and was terribly sick for a while. My white Mama was really worried about me. I slept in my little bed in her own room where she could watch and see that nothing happened to me. When I coughed hard and my chest hurt so badly she would hold me in her arms and sometimes would even let me sleep in her own bed. When my gown got all wet with perspiration she changed it and gave me a glass of milk. It hurt to have whooping cough, but I really think that it was worth while because I got so much attention from the white mamas. Last November Mama Cooper came back from furlough, so now I have two white mamas. She helps take care of me too. Sometimes I go to her office and play with the toys which come from your country. I like them. They are such fascinating things, and so interesting to me, because we don't have things like that in my country I am big enough now to run around by myself. I follow Mama to the hospital, but she almost always sends me back home because there are so many sick folks. She is afraid that I will get something worse than whooping cough.

Occasionally my daddy mentions taking me to the village. I hope he doesn't, there is no one who would take care of me as they do here. I am sure daddy doesn't have enough money to pay for a new wife, so there is no prospect of my having another mama right away.

I am truly glad that you send missionaries to bring us the Gospel message and to care for little children like me. We know that it is only because they have the love of Jesus in their hearts that they love us and care for us in this way. When we get sick our own people just leave us to die because they fear the evil spirits.

I am sorry that I haven't a picture to send you. I know if you could see my smiling face, you would realize how very happy I am.

May the Lord bless and keep you and make you a blessing to many others just as you have been to me. Thank you for all your gifts and kindness to us. May the peace of Christ fill your hearts at this Christmas time and the New Year bring you multiplied joys.

PIERRE MUHAU

P.S. You all know of course that this letter is written by Muhau's white Mama, but I am sure if he really could speak for himself he would agree with everything I have said. He is happy and content, loves us all and we love him. He brings many a ray of sunshine with his sweet smile.

AGNES H. ANDERSON

A CHRISTIAN IS--

A mind through which Christ thinks,
A heart through which Christ loves,
A voice through which Christ speaks,
A hand through which Christ helps.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

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Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Esther Ehnbom

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter (with special work)
Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
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